

VISIT...

LANZAROTE
Caliente.COM

MARVEL
COMICS

DEC • 84



X-MEN
•DELUXE•

EXCALIBUR

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

SOUL
SWORD
TRILOGY
PART II

KM⁹⁴
Tanny

DIRECT EDITION

08411



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YEARS AGO, A GIRL CALLED
ILLYANA RASPUTIN HAD A
SWORD THAT DROVE HER
MAD.

HER FRIENDS RESCUED
HER, BUT SHE DIED ANY-
WAY, FROM ANOTHER
CAUSE. NO MORE
ILLYANA. NO MORE
SWORD.

THAT'S WHAT EVERYONE
THOUGHT, ANYWAY.

STOP
SQUEALING,
MOIRA.

GIVING
ME A HEADACHE
WON'T STOP ME
FROM KILLING
YOU.

STAN LEE PRESENTS:

DARK ADAPTED EYE

BASED ON
AN ORIGINAL
IDEA BY
SCOTT
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KITTY, PLEASE--
THIS ISN'T YOU!

THE SWORD--
IT'S TWISTING YE
UP INSIDE, THE
WAY IT DID
ILLYANA.



CAN'T YOU SHUT
UP FOR A MINUTE?

AM I GONNA
HAVE TO CUT YOUR
BLOODY TONGUE
OUT JUST TO GET A
MOMENT'S PEACE
TO KILL YOU IN?

AM I?



KATHERINE,
YOU DON'T WANT
TO DO THAT.

WHY NOT
GIVE ME THE
SWORD, EH?

Oh, JOY.
It's THE
MONKEY.

NO IT'S
NOT,
GIRLY.

KURT WAGNER ISN'T IN HERE
ANYMORE. I RUN THIS BODY NOW.

I'LL INTRODUCE MYSELF
ONCE I HAVE THAT
SWORD. I CAN SEE IT NOW...

"PLEASED TO MEET YOU. I'M GRAVEMOSS,
AND I'M GOING TO BE THE MOST
POWERFUL MAGICIAN ON EARTH..."

MOIRA? ARE
YOU WELL? I
HEARD SOMETHING
FALL, AND--

Oh, NO WHAT'S
HAPPENING?



I'M GETTING
FED UP, THAT'S
WHAT. THIS IS
THE **ABSOLUTE**
LIMIT.

I'M GOING
TO HAVE TO
KILL OF YOU
NOW.







AH, THE POOR THING...WHAT DID YOU DO TO HER, BRIAN-BRITANIC?

THERE'S A NERVE CLUSTER JUST UNDER THE BASE OF THE SKULL.

GIVE IT A GOOD TAP AND OUT GO THE LIGHTS.



YOU DIDN'T. D'Y'VE KNOW, YOU'RE SOUNDING ALMOST PLEASED W/ YER-SELF, BIG LAD?

WHAT HAPPENED TAE THE SHAKESPEARIAN SPEECH AND THE EGO ON STEROIDS YE BROUGHT BACK FROM YOUR TRIP THROUGH TIME?



THEY'RE IGNORING THE SWORD.

I COULD JUST REACH OUT FOR IT.



I WON'T DENY IT'S TAKING ME A WHILE TO ADJUST TO MY EXPERIENCES. IF I SOUND PLEASED, IT'S JUST BECAUSE I GOT SOMETHING RIGHT.

HOW DID YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT NERVE CLUSTER?

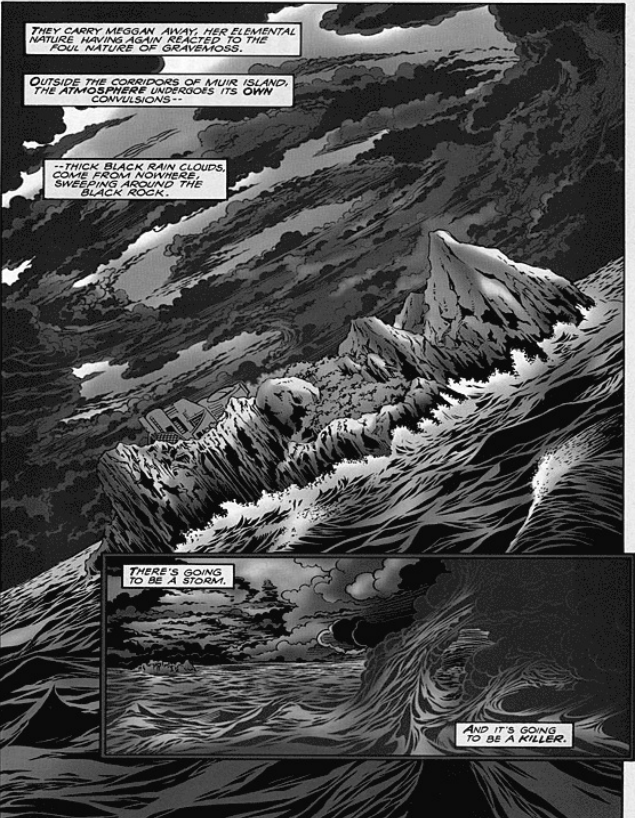


EVERYONE FORGETS; I WAS A PHYSICIST WITH A SOMEWHAT ECLECTIC BACKGROUND BEFORE I BECAME CAPTAIN BRITAIN.

I DON'T KNOW ENOUGH BIOLOGY TO DO YOUR JOB, DOCTOR, BUT I CAN GET BY.

TO THE MEDLAB?





THEY CARRY MEGGAN AWAY, HER ELEMENTAL NATURE HAVING AGAIN REACTED TO THE FOUL NATURE OF GRAVEMOSS.

OUTSIDE THE CORRIDORS OF MUIR ISLAND, THE ATMOSPHERE UNDERGOES ITS OWN CONVULSIONS--

--THICK BLACK RAIN CLOUDS, COME FROM NOWHERE, SWEEPING AROUND THE BLACK ROCK.

THERE'S GOING TO BE A STORM.

AND IT'S GOING TO BE A KILLER.

LONDON: WHERE THE
SORCESS SHRILL IS
HELPED BACK TO
CONSCIOUSNESS BY
HER ACOLYTES...

"NNG"

...THE...
THE SWORD...
HAS BEEN
SHEATHED...

THE SUPERNATURAL FRICTION
CREATED BY SOULSTEEL
EXISTING TWICE IN THE SAME
DIMENSION...

--THE SOUL
SWORD AND
MY EYE--

--WILL
NOT
OCCUR
AGAIN.

THE FLECK
OF SOULSTEEL
IN MY BROOCH
IS ADULTERATED
AND MICROSCOPIC,
AND CANNOT
HARM ME.

BUT LIKE
CALLS TO LIKE.
WHEN THE SWORD
WAS UNSHEATHED,
THE BROOCH
TRACED IT.

THE
SOUL SWORD
RESIDES UPON
A SCOTS
ISLAND.

SCOTLAND?

BUT MISTRESS--
THEY STILL PAINT
THEMSELVES **BLUE**
AND HUNT THEIR
OWN **FOOD** UP
THERE.

WHAT
HAPPENS IF
THE JOCKS
DECIDE YOU
LOOK
EDIBLE?

UNLIKELY.

STILL, REGARDLESS
OF THE DANGERS OF ENDING
UP IN A **CAULDRON** FILLED
WITH **HAGGIS** AND **THISTLES**--

--I MUST
TRAVEL THERE
IMMEDIATELY.

I SPENT
YEARS IN AGONY
AND CATATONIA,
THANKS TO THE
CONSTANT USE OF
THE SOUL SWORD.

I WILL NOT
SUCCEED TO
THAT HALF-LIFE
AGAIN. IF I
CANNOT **DESTROY**
THE **SWORD**--

--I WILL
DESTROY ITS
HOLDER.



MUIR ISLAND.



I KNEW THERE
HAD TO BE
BLIND SPOT
BETWEEN THIS
STATION'S
SECURITY
CAMERAS,
AND THIS IS IT.

I GOT SICK OF
ALL THESE
PREENING SPAN-
DEX CLOWNS
SAYING "KU-URT"
AND STARING
AT ME.

SO I'M HIDING
AND DREAMING
ABOUT EATING
THEIR EYES.



I'M WASTING
TIME, I KNOW.

BEING ON THE
WINDING WAY
OF MYSTICAL
EMPOWERMENT,
I HAVE ONLY A
LIMITED TIME
BEFORE SPENDING
A PERIOD
POWERLESS.

AT WHICH POINT, THE
BODY I HAVE POS-
SESSED WILL REJECT ME.



IF I AM TO
KILL ALL
AHEAD OF
ME ON THE
WAY, I MUST
SNATCH THE
SWORD THAT
WILL DO THE
JOB SOON--

--WHAT'S THAT?
A TELEPORT
DOOR?





HEY!

OH, REALLY? DON'T YOU LIKE ME ANYMORE?



HA HA HA...
OH, THE BOY'S A FOOL. HEY!
YOU'VE GOT COLD HANDS...

COLD HANDS, WARM HEART.

HEH. NO, I'M HERE TO SEE KITTY. SHE MAY BE IN SOME TROUBLE, AND I MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP.



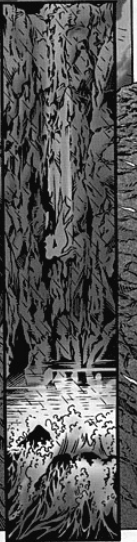
~Mkk~

GRACE

WELL, WE CAN'T HAVE THAT, CAN WE?



I'M AFRAID, LOVE, THAT I'M GOING TO HAVE TO DUMP YOU.



THE MUIR ISLAND MEDICAL CENTER;
IN THE FACE OF INFECTION AND MAGIC,
SYMPATHY BECOMES PROFESSIONALISM...

...AND BAD JOES SHORE
UP FAILING MORALE...

MEGGAN
SEEMS TO HAVE
STABILIZED
AGAIN...

-Hup!-
Glop!

YOU SHOULD TRY TAE SIP
ANYTHIN' POLITELY
AROUND A
WHACK LIKE
THIS.

MOIRA, FOR
AS LONG AS I'VE
KNOWN YOU, YOU'VE
DRUNK COFFEE
LIKE A HIPPO WITH
A CLEFT PALATE.

MUST
YOU MAKE
THOSE NOISES?

CHARLES--
HOW DID
KITTY END UP
WI' ILLYANA'S
SOUL SWORD?

I HAVE
SOME
IDEAS.

INCIDENTALLY,
RORY, MY COMPLIMENTS
TO YOUR CONTACTS ON
THE MAINLAND. THE
COFFEE IS EXCELLENT.

IT WAS
MONEY WELL
SPENT. THE
INSTANT MUCK
MOIRA LIKES
WAS COOKING
HOLES IN ME
KIDNEYS.



"THE CHILD ILLYANA
SPENT TIME IN LIMBO,
AND RETURNED AS A
YOUNG WOMAN. IT
WAS THERE THAT
SHE GAINED THE SWORD.



"SHE LATER
REVERTED
TO CHILD-
HOOD, AND
WE NEVER
SAW THE
SWORD
AGAIN.

"IN HER LAST HOURS, I
SET UP DEVICES TO
RECORD EVERY
DETAIL.

"AIR SAMPLES, HEAT OUTPUT,
CELL DEGRADATION-- ANY
THING MAY HAVE HELD A
CLUE TO THE LEGACY VIRUS.

"HERE, ILLYANA ENTERS
THE FINAL STAGE OF
THE INFECTION.

"THERE IS MAGIC HERE.

"AND SOMEWHERE ACROSS
THE DIMENSION-- SOMEHOW--
THE DORMANT SOUL SWORD
IS BOUND TO HER BEST FRIEND.

"KITTY."



ISOLATE THERMAL
INDUCTION--
ISOLATE-- REROUTE--

ENDOTHERMAL ACTIVITY
BREACHING ISOLATION
REROUTES-- SYSTEM
CRASH IMMINENT--

I HEARD
THE ALARM, JUST
TELEPORTED IN A
SECOND AGO--
WHAT'S HAPPENING
TO DOUGLOCK?

MAYBE IF I GET IN
CLOSER-- OH, LORD,
HE SOUNDS LIKE HE'S
IN REAL PAIN--

GAAAAA~

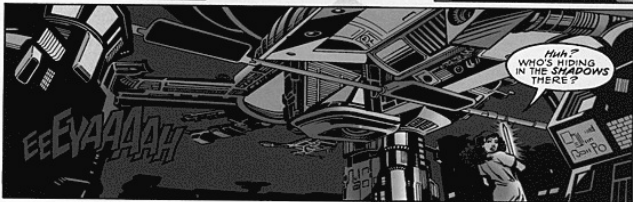
--ALMOST
HUMAN.

I SHOULD
HOPE SO.

IGNITING AN
OCCULT BLAZE
INSIDE THE
MONSTER
WASN'T EASY.









MY NAME
IS SHRILL.
EVERY TIME
THAT SWORD IS
DRAWN, I AM
REDUCED TO THIS,
OR WORSE.

I TRIED TO
OBTAIN IT FROM
A PREVIOUS HOLDER,
THE DEMON
DARKOTH.

I FAILED.
HE STILL REGRETS
HAVING MET
ME.*

* A STORY YET TO
BE TOLD --SUZE



YOU ARE PLAINLY NOT
AN EVIL WOMAN.
JUST IGNORANT.

THIS MAKES WHAT I
HAVE TO DO DIFFICULT,
BUT NOT IMPOSSIBLE.
I KNOW NO WAY TO
DESTROY THE BLADE.



SO
I HAVE
TO KILL
YOU.

PLEASE.
MAKE NO
NOISE. IT'S
EASIER IN
SILENCE.



BAM!

I'LL PROTECT
YOU, KATHERINE.
JUST GIVE
ME THE
BLADE.

JUST GIVE
ME THE
BLADE.

I HAVE
TO DO
THIS.

WHERE
ARE THE
OTHERS?

TO BE CONCLUDED.